

MODEL WIVES OF GREAT MUSICIANS

From All Appearances the Muse of Harmony Has Taken First-Class Care of the Men in Her Following

WHEN Pietro Mascagni, poor and obscure, was living off love and spaghetti, he was happy. A pretty young woman, away back in 1886, which is now coming to be ancient history, had linked her life with his. From a roving musician, an erratic student, he had settled down to prosaic teaching. His diet, usually, was ample, but not varied.

One day he was figuring how to get more money. His one-act opera, "Cavalleria Rusticana," had been returned "with thanks" by the Ricordi, the great music publishers, some time previously. However, he decided to give it another trial. Sonzogno, also a publisher of note, was offering a prize for a two-act piece. So Mascagni cut "Cavalleria" in two, wrote an intermezzo for it and sent it along. All the world knows the sequel. In a little while the opera was produced, and Mascagni was world famous. Since then he has never done anything to compare with that effort of love and poverty.

He has, however, invariably been the apple of the eye of the same woman who made him famous. Not a musician herself, she gave her common sense, as well as her heart, to genius. She smoothed down the erratic flights of frenzy, and staved off the extravagances that would have plunged the baker's son into poverty.

A model wife, albeit a bit tyrannical, was



Mrs. Jan Kubelitz, The Fascinating Wife of the Polish Violinist.



Frau Corine Wagner, a Model Wife Whose Whole Career Has Been Devoted to Furthering Her Husband's Fame.



Mrs. Reginald De Koven, the highly cultured helpmeet of the American Composer.



Mrs. Clara Samarat, The Wife of the New York Philharmonic Conductor, Leopold Stokowski.



Mrs. Richard Strauss, the wife of the famous composer.



Mrs. Rodolphe Krieger, the wife of the famous pianist, whose father is Rodolphe Krieger.

Signora Mascagni. As a reward, she is cast aside for a chorus girl by the fat and prosperous composer of 50. Other musicians have model wives—the great ones seem to be particularly fortunate in their choice of helpmeets—but not a great many have handled them so shabbily.



Mrs. Victor Herbert, Wife of the Composer of "Natoma."

adapted to making genius eat out of her hand. A more contented couple it would be hard to find anywhere. And, while practically all of Wagner's ventures were failures at first, it is estimated that Strauss' income from his operas and songs is at least \$100,000.

Another romance of the footlights, as happy as that of Strauss, was that of Victor Herbert. A grandson of Samuel Lover, the Irish novelist, who added miniature painting to his other accomplishments, Herbert came naturally by his artistic leanings.

Though unfortunate enough, in one way, to lose his father in early life, he may have profited materially, because his mother married a German and went to live at Stuttgart. There the youngest got the best of tuition in cello playing from Professor Bockmann, and finally became the first cello of the court orchestra of Stuttgart. After giving many concerts in Europe, he was engaged as solo cellist of the Metropolitan Orchestra in New York.

At the same time, there was singing in the Metropolitan Opera House a Miss Therese Forster, a prima donna of much reputation. She appeared as Alda, Elsa and other leading roles with such effect that Mr. Herbert was quite conquered.

ESCAPED CURSE OF GENIUS

They are another couple who seem to have escaped the curse of genius. More companionable people could scarcely be imagined. The composer of "Natoma" seems to have inherited much of the joviality of his Celtic ancestors, while his wife has been in every way a fitting companion for him.

It really does seem indeed that the composers are born under a benign matrimonial star, for at least several others of the American set have been singularly favored. One must count, of course, Sidney Homer, who had the good fortune to win the lovely contralto who has made his name famous and proved herself a model in everything that pertains to matrimony. Always she has proved herself more of a woman than a singer, and makes no secret of the fact that her real life is spent with her husband and children, rather than receiving the plaudits of people at \$5 per.

Again, there is Reginald De Koven, the composer of "Robin Hood" and a host of other comic operas. A more fitting match than he made could scarcely be cited.

The daughter of former Senator Farwell, of Chicago, Mrs. De Koven was, in her youth, one of the most attractive of Washington belles. Yet, while she shone in society, she never allowed it to interfere with her real talents, which are distinctly literary.

While living in Chicago she was, for quite a number of years, literary editor of one of the Windy City's biggest newspapers. When she gave up that position, she made a translation of Pierre Loti's "The Fishermen." By 1904 she had blossomed out into a full-fledged authoress with "The Sawdust Doll," a novel on New York and Newport society. It went through ten editions in this country, and was published as well in England and India. "By the Waters of Babylon" is another of her well-known works.

HOSTESS OF ACCOMPLISHMENTS

Of attractive personality as well as of gifted intellect, Mrs. De Koven has long been regarded as one of the most accomplished hostesses of the east. Both in New York and Washington her invitations have always been much sought after. Nor has she ever neglected to take a keen interest in her husband's work. Their arts are kindred, and the wife has always shown as keen a pride in the composer's success as in her own.

Still another American, by adoption this time, who has been most lucky in the matrimonial lottery is Leopold Stokowski, the newly chosen conductor of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. The brilliant young Pole, who has given up his position as conductor of the Cincinnati Orchestra for a larger field, not so very long ago became the husband of the American pianist, Olga Samaratoff.

No doubt the union of kindred tastes was a welcome relief to the bride, who had been the victim of a previous marriage to a man not in sympathy with the artistic temperament, nor fitted to enter into her higher life.

It was in St. Petersburg that the former Miss Hickinloper, daughter of an officer of the United States army, became acquainted with Count Boris Grekowsky, a Russian nobleman, a government official. Maybe it was her love of

Russian folk songs that led her to look with favor upon one of the race that gave them birth, and maybe it was a temptuous wooing such as the Russians often affect, that led the pretty pianist to become the Countess Lausky. At any rate, it was a disastrous move for both. The Countess stood an unbecoming union as long as she could, and then fled to her home in San Antonio, Tex., almost penniless.

Fate soon became more propitious, however, when she devoted herself entirely to the piano, and it was not long until her reputation had covered two continents. She had already been received with acclaim in England and America when she met the Polish musician, whose own success in the last few years has been sensational. But natural it is to consider Mr. Stokowski a lucky man. Besides being an attractive woman generally and companionable in every way, as has many another woman, she endured it until endurance ceased to be a virtue. Then, when free and wooed by the attractive young pianist, she embraced the opportunity of proving that she had in her the making of a model wife.

Other pianists have been equally fortunate in their helpmeets. There is the head and forefront of them all, and fast coming to be their dean, with scarcely any one claiming the fact that he is older than he used to be—Paderewski, the immortal Pole. For his second venture he chose one of his countrywomen, handsome, charming and endowed with most of the domestic virtues that go to make for happiness.

POULTRY HER HOBBY

Poultry raising is Mrs. Paderewski's hobby. The last time the pianist was in America his greatest solitude was the securing of some particularly fine Orpingtons for their country home.

It was no more than a graceful return for the care which Mrs. Paderewski takes of him on all his tours. His comfort she looks after herself, no one else in her mind, is competent for the task.

Some years ago, while in America, the pianist suffered quite a serious indisposition. Mrs. Paderewski was almost constantly at his bedside. She stoutly refused the assistance of a trained nurse. Though almost worn out by her vigil in the private car they occupied, she declared that:

"He is so delicately organized, his nervous temperament is so easily affected, that I cannot think of permitting him to be cared for by any one but myself. A private car, such as this in which he travels, is hardly the best place for a man suffering from nervous troubles; but the doctor agrees that his recovery depends largely on the nursing he receives, and it is impossible for him to get better treatment than that which he receives here."

A more model wife than that it would be hard to find. Nor are the great violinists worse off. There is Ysaye, whose home life has been all that any man could ask. And another equally fortunate is Kubelitz, the young Bohemian, who has made his million in about ten years, and is going to take life easy with his family from now on. If his utterances the last time he was in this country are to be believed,

Kubelitz had a serious romance, too, as well as his material success. By birth he was gifted, but he was by no means of such birth as the Countess Crasky-Szell, a niece of a former premier of Hungary and the widow of an officer of the royal infantry. No sooner had the lovely young widow heard the violinist, than hardly more than a boy, than she gave her heart to him, just like a fairy princess.

Why Women LEAVE HOME

IT'S ALL settled. Women have found out why they leave home when they're married. It's the husband's fault.

Commentators on divorce may remark that it's rather singular, and so it is. It ought to be plural. Put it down to their husbands' faults, and you get a more accurate and a more compendious view of the causes that make it a high and solemn duty for Agnes to snatch up the baby, jam a week's allowance down into her chateleine and flee forth into the cruel, harsh world, where some more agreeable spouse may be waiting as soon as she has the decree.

What with egotism, jealousy, unfaithfulness, intemperance, immorality, bad temper, conceit, laziness, cowardice, meanness and petty tyranny, husbands have been proved to be a bad lot, and that in the country where it was generally believed that husbands were specially created to be the loveliest things outside of paradise, with scores of American heiresses straining Jacob's ladders into their silk stockings in their race to be prompt at the altar for every unmarried specimen that hove in sight.

This latest and most disconcerting view of the French husband has been circulated everywhere, and the average married woman can now take her choice of the brand of husband her own belongs to.

IT WAS a fashion journal that had the brilliant idea of taking a popular vote on the vital question:

"What is the matter with our husbands?" Its readers responded with an impetuous unanimity that bespoke the fewness of perfect spouses. As to the nature of the imperfections, they were at variance, as to the possession of more than one fault, they were generally agreed. It was found that the only way to get down their real opinions was to limit every respondent to the specification of her husband's chief shortcoming; and then all minor objections, like cold feet, cubed cigarettes, unwaxed mustaches, insistence on hearty breakfasts, staying home seven nights a week, giving 10-cent tips where 5 cents would do, were eliminated.

By far the largest number pointed upon what is popularly supposed to be man's weakest point, though some perverse people maintain that it's his strongest—his egotism. A total of 237 voters thought they could endure almost any defect easier than an enlarging egotism.



Jealousy was held in almost as great disrepute, polling 196 votes. Evidently a woman despises her husband for resenting her receipt of admiration. It's even worse than infidelity, according to the poll, because only 173 women believed that to be a husband's worst failing.

Intemperance comes along as a fairly strong fourth, getting 147 tallies. It is undoubtedly true, however, that more than 5000 women preferred that their husbands should have a sociable evening oc-

The Torpedo Fish

THE electric ray, or torpedo fish, is a species of the finny tribe found along the south Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico coasts.

This strange creature possesses a couple of batteries located in the upper forward portion of the body just in the rear of its sharp, beady eyes. With the thousands of minute cells it is able to create and discharge a powerful current of electricity.

When at peace with all about it, the fish is found calmly swimming about near the bottom of the sea or burrowing in the sands for portions of its food, but when its enemies appear, or when in pursuit of its prey, it throws off a shock that will drive the enemy to distant waters or stun its quarry. With full power it must come in contact with its prey. The electricity can be regenerated and discharged as often as the creature sees fit.

Fishermen who have speared these fish or caught them in nets and attempted to handle them while they were alive have experienced a shock not to be forgotten. A few instances have been reported where men have actually been knocked down by the severity of the discharge.

Out of Harmony

"M. A. what does it stand for?" "Doctor of divinity, my dear. Don't they teach you the common abbreviations in school?"

"Oh, yes; but that doesn't seem to sound right here."

"Read it out loud, my dear." "My dear (reading)—'Witness—I heard the defendant say, 'I'll make you suffer for this, I'll be doctor of divinity if I don't.'"

Coming to Him

THE brute (suddenly throwing his paper away)—I smell smoke! What the dickens is burning? The brutess—some day when you smell smoke you'll not need to ask that question.

casually rather than that they should have the big head, be jealous or unfaithful.

Cowardice, or base mean-spiritedness, came along with 1556 ballots; immorality claimed 1070; despotism got 1057 and anger 1341.

Next, even worse than egotism, plain conceit was specified by 1069 fair ones as a cogent reason for leaving home, while idleness fell below the 1000 mark, a bad last, with only 935.

Up to date, no material difference has been discovered between the Frenchwoman and the rest of her sex, except, possibly, that she is considerably brighter than the average. Without much doubt, therefore, a poll of American women would discover about the same average state of mind. In other words, what a woman really detests is the negative rather than the positive faults.

It is passing strange, of course, that a wife should consider it worse for the head of the household to "consider himself the whole thing" than to indulge in a spree or take a tired spell when his work got to be too much of a bore, yet so it seems. And if to egotism we add plain conceit, a fault that is damaging neither to character nor welfare, and is merely a state of mind, it will cause more mental agony among God-fearing wives than drunkenness, or worse.

MORE NEGATIVE FAULTS

To the negative egotism and plain conceit might be added also the negative jealousy, which is ordinarily but a state of mind, and seldom manifests itself in really violent demonstrations, such as would entitle it to be placed in the positive list. That gives 6356 women out of 14,615 who look upon a mental bent as worse than an ill deed.

Probably, in actual practice, this proportion would be rather raised than lowered.

Some years ago an American journal tried to get at the matter in a different way. It put questions to 100 women, married, but otherwise of all stations of life. The first of these was "Judging from your experience, what kind of a man should a girl marry?" The second, "What qualities do you think best fit a man for a husband?"

To the first question the matrons gave answer as follows, some specifying more than one desirable virtue:

Wanted an honest man 75
Wanted a good provider 59
Wanted a homebody 34
Wanted a man with self-control 21
Wanted a happy man 16
Wanted a quiet man 15

Very often a woman's opinions are best gauged by what she doesn't say, which applies particularly to men. As in the case of the Frenchwomen, the Americans were largely negative in their replies. They went strong for the abstract virtues. Only half of them thought to specify as to the material things of life.

As to what will soonest make an American woman leave home, one might get a fair idea by simply taking the opposites of the virtues quoted.

The qualities most desired in a husband, according to the second question, were:

Kindness 55
Strength 49
Good habits 35
Self-control 32
Intellectual companionship 25
Fidelity 23
Contentment 21
Christianity 20
Sympathy 18

Whether one judges by the faults enumerated by the Frenchwomen or the virtues cataloged by the Americans, the whole matter is quite plain. If a man is not free from egotism, jealousy, infidelity, intemperance, cowardice, baseness, immorality, despotism and idleness, and if on the other hand, he cannot show honesty, thrift, home-loving instincts, patience, strength, sympathy, kindness, intellectuality, good habits and a good disposition generally, his wife is likely to leave him.

QUEEN OF BAYREUTH

Before Wagner's fame was at its height he died. And then his widow became as zealous of his memory as she had been of his daily welfare. Bayreuth she made the opera capital of the world. While living there she was virtually a queen—a woman honored as the relic of a monarch of music.

In contrast indeed to Wagner's career is that of one of his successors—Richard Strauss. All that the master was denied his disciple was received in abundance. Certainly none could have been more happy in the choice of a life companion.

Strauss was fortunate from birth. His father was a musician of the Royal Opera orchestra, and a composer in a small way. His mother was a member of the Pascher family of brewers and musical as well as rich. When scarcely out of his student years, the young musician was fortunate enough to attract the attention of the great Von Bülow, who gave him a position as assistant conductor of the orchestra at Meiningen.

By the time Strauss had begun to do work worth while the world had become well broken to Wagner's strenuous style. And when the young man adopted the strenuous orchestral methods of the master, he achieved almost instant fame for doing what had caused the former to be practically run out of Germany.

Just when Strauss produced his first work of note, the opera "Guntram" at Weimar, he had the good fortune to see and hear in the title role of "Freisilla" the charming young singer, Pauline de Anna. Thoroughly well born and accomplished was the maiden, being the daughter of a Bavarian general, when, as every one knows, a German general is a mighty big man.

It was not long at first sight it was mighty near it, and they were soon married and have lived happily ever afterward. The singer indeed is even more alluring in private life than on the stage, because there are quite a few who have no great liking for her thin "salty" voice. Both she and the composer of "Salome" are fond of homelife and of the normal and natural society that comes of meeting one's good friends. About Strauss there is nothing of the power. He likes a glass of beer with his cronies in one of those comfortable German cafes that are fairly well scattered throughout the Fatherland.

Frau Strauss always has shown herself admirably